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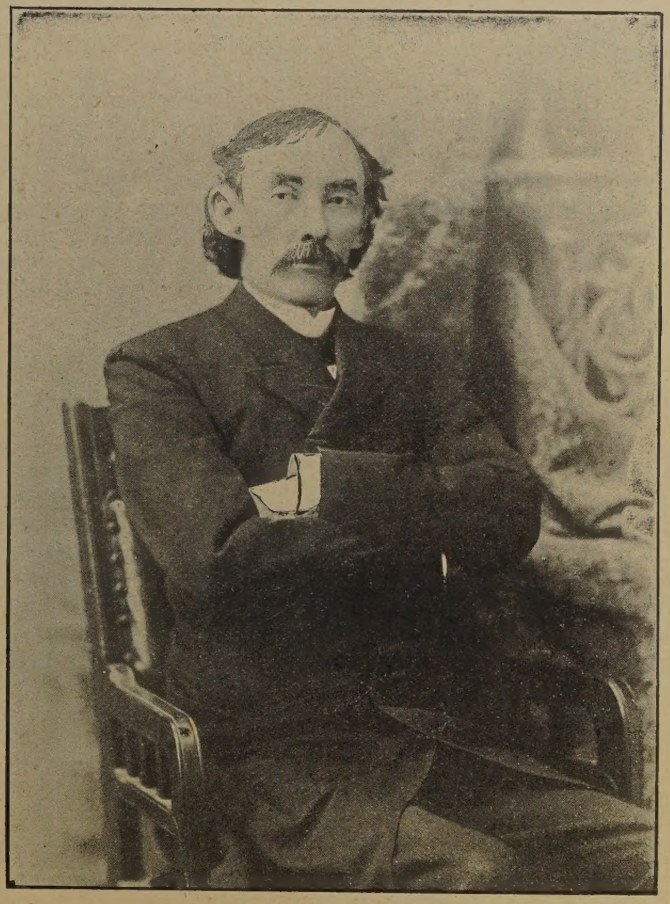
UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, MAY 2, 1901. NUMBER 9



REV. HYRIAM W. THOMAS,
PASTOR OF PEOPLE'S CHURCH, CHICAGO.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

SEVENTH GENERAL SESSION

—OF THE—

CONGRESS OF RELIGION

TO BE HELD IN BUFFALO, JUNE 26—30, 1901.

The program is well under way. Sufficient assurances have already been received to warrant the expectation of a program worthy the occasion. It will be the aim to offer an exhibit of the intangible achievements of this day and continent in the realm of morals and religion. The program will be arranged under the general topic of

"PROBLEMS OF RELIGION IN THE NEW CENTURY,"

subdivided as follows:

1. For the Family.
2. For the School.
3. For the Church.
4. For the World of Business.
5. For the State.
6. Amusements, etc.

The Saturday session will be in charge of the New York Conference of Religion and will concern itself with: 1. Religion as an Experience. 2. Biblical Criticism as Promotive of Religion. 3. The Civic Conscience. 4. Possibilities of Common Worship. The Free Religious Association are considering the advisability of arranging a program for the Monday following, so that the three bodies, distinct in origin and organization but united in the common purpose of unity and coöperation so far as is consistent with individual conviction and other organic interests will represent their combined forces at Buffalo.

Among those who have already accepted, some subject to conditions of other dates, are the following. The topics when definitely stated are indicated in brackets:

Hon. Bird S. Coler, New York City; Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. Charles F. Dole, Boston (What Business Is For); Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. N. O. Nelson, St. Louis (Toilers' Homes); Prof. Frank Parsons, Boston (The Ethics of Municipal Ownership); Prof. J. W. Jenks, Cornell University; Dr. Orello Cone, Canton, N. Y.; Dr. H. W. Thomas; Dr. Emil G. Hirsch; Rev. R. A. White, Chicago; Hon. John A. Taylor, New York and Dr. Smith Barker, Utica, N. Y. (War and the Young Man), Rev. Frank O. Hall, Cambridge, Mass., Miss Ellen Sabin President, Downer College, Milwaukee Wis.

Other important announcements are pending further correspondence. The Local Committee recommend that the meetings be held in the Church of Our Father (First Unitarian), and that the "Castle Inn," an historic old hotel, once the property of President Millard Fillmore, be the headquarters of the Congress. The regular work of the Congress will be confined to two sessions a day, forenoon and evening, leaving the afternoons open for visiting the exposition, but it is possible hat arrangements will be made for afternoon preaching and platform services in the "Tent Evangelist," the hospitalities of which are kindly extended to the Congress by the publishers of the New York Evangelist.

Further particulars will appear from time to time.

Local Committee as far as named: Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., Chairman, Delaware Avenue Baptist Church, Rev. Adelbert Hudson, Church of Our Father (Unitarian); Rev. L. M. Powers, Church of the Messiah (Universalist); Rev. Israel Aaron, D.D., Beth Zion Temple; Rev. Burris A. Jenkins, Secretary, Richmond Avenue Church of Christ (Disciples).

Coöperating Committee of the New York Conferemce: Rev. S. Leighton Williams, Secretary; Rev. T. R. Slicer, All Souls Church (Unitarian), New York; Mr. J. M. Whiton, Ph. D., *The Outlook*, New York.

Coöperating Committee of the Free Religious Association: Lewis G. Janes, President; T. W. Higginson, Vice-President; Edwin D. Mead.

Any subscription to the funds of the Congress to help carry out this program will be gratefully received.

Correspondence solicited.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Secretary,

UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1901. NUMBER 9

The historical review which Dr. Thomas gave from his pulpit at McVicker's Theater last Sunday will be published in full in the next week's issue of UNITY. It was the natural prelude to his people to the banquet which we report this week. It will be an interesting explanation of the banquet and interpretation and justification of the spirit there manifested to our readers next week. We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Record-Herald* for the admirable cut of Dr. Thomas which appears on our first page this week.

There was profound philosophy as well as quaint humor in the saying of Father Taylor: "It will never do to send Emerson to hell, for just as sure as you do the tide of emigration will set in that way," as is evidenced by the announcement from Moscow that the holy synod is overwhelmed with petitions from those who ask to be put on the Tolstoy roll of excommunicants. They are willing to take whatever of hell belongs to the lot of Tolstoy, preferring to go below with him than to go above with those who have pronounced the anathema upon him.

The ministers have exhausted all their ingenuity in trying to attract the poor and the shabbily dressed into the churches. It is high time, perhaps, that they paid some attention to those who represent the other end of the social scale. The telegraph brings tidings of what promises to be the successful innovation of Dr. Gray, rector of St. George's, London. He has instituted especially late services for fashionable people who can attend in full evening dress. *Decollete* dresses, theater wraps and claw-hammered coats were much in evidence. The dispatch says that "the innovation is likely to be fashionable." May it redound to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

That is a startling answer to the question "Who is master of the Steel trust?" that is offered by Arthur Brisbane in the New York *Journal,* as copied in the *Literary Digest* of the 27th ult. He says: "It is not Morgan or Rockefeller or all the powers of all the banks, but rather the man who can control the hundreds of thousands of human beings engaged in the production of steel." He says further that "Rockefeller's genius has forced every able steel maker into one great organization. Some day he will find himself confronted by a leader of this labor who can say: 'I represent all the men in America capable of making steel. I am therefore the head of the steel trust. Unless you want your eleven hundred million dollars to melt and your dividends to stop you will please take my instruction as to the steel trust management.'" This prefigures the "battle of the giants" that is to come. Grim as is the prospect of such a battle, it is not so repulsive as the old battle of bayonets and of cannon. Should this battle ever be precipitated it requires no prophet to foretell the result. Organized capital necessitates organized labor, and even a Morgan or a Rockefeller will meet their Waterloo when they marshal their millions of dollars to meet the millions of men. The people will eventually rule. The great business is to make them fit to rule. The task of the school and the church becomes more and more urgent.

The slow but sure multiplication and prosperity of Independent churches is one of the small signs of a great movement in religion. In Chicago the North Side People's Church led by Rev. Mr. Acton, which is the result of a union of the Universalist Church of Our Father and the Independent Religious Society founded some years ago by Mr. T. G. Milsted, to which Mrs. Woolley ministered for some time, has taken a step forward and moved into the Criterion Theater, with increasing audiences and the attendant increasing strength. Some prominent people, among whom is the proprietor of the theater, have recently actively identified themselves with the movement. The independent work carried on by the Rev. T. B. Gregory in Handel Hall is growing and has received of late substantial encouragement. Mr. Mangasarian speaks every Sunday to overflowing houses in the Grand Opera House. The Rev. A. K. Beem, of Benton Harbor, Mich., has recently taken his place at the head of the independent movement in that city which for the present occupies one of the theater buildings in the town. The encouraging and characteristic thing in regard to all these independent churches is that they are not iconoclasts in the religious field. They are not engaged in destructive criticism, It is not independency against existing ecclesiastical bodies but so far as permitted independency with them and *for* them. All recognize, as Dr. Hirsch well said in the speech reported elsewhere, that many independent people today stay in the so-called orthodox churches in the interest of the very causes for which some of these independents move out. In other words this independency represents not antagonism but growth, not controversy but comparison. It is an attempt to "save the pieces," to enlist the co-operation of those who can find no adequate means of co-operating in other ways.

The *Literary Digest* notes what it calls "a campaign of the churches against Christian Science" and offers three columns of interesting polemical matter on the subject. We doubt if the caption is a just one. There probably will be no campaign on the part of the churches. When Christian Science begins to be boastful of its sudden growth and arrogant of its figures it must expect to be subjected to the tests that are applied to such boasts and the analysis that figures always provoke. Christian Science affects serenity. Its fundamental principles, as we understand them, necessitate it, and still there is abundant evidence that

it is sensitive to criticism. The subscriber to UNITY who the other day hastily canceled her subscription on account of an editorial note concerning the item of news relating to the declaration of the Second Reader of a Scientist church in New York that the "Lord had engraved their cornerstone" is typical of a feeling wide spread. There is a discussion pending which is inevitable. If criticism and challenge come our Christian Science friends must not be oversensitive, for they must not overlook the fact that they themselves have been dismissing with a complacent smile, rightfully or otherwise, not only the great fundamentals of the religious faith of an overwhelming majority of the religious world under all names and in all times, but with equal complacency they dismiss what are assumed to be the fundamental postulates of science and philosophy as interpreted by the masters honored by the universities of the world. Theology is accustomed to buffetings, and popular opinion notwithstanding, the theologian has learned to take cuffs graciously as well as to give them. But physiology, with its attendant sciences of hygiene and surgery, have grown to expect respect to certain fundamental postulates and theories. We suspect that in the next decade Christian Science will have a more serious time with the colleges than it is to have with the churches. They will find preachers less formidable than professors. The Bible can be "explained" in the interest of most any kind of theory, as the history of Christendom proves; but the multiplication table, the laws of gravitation, the acids and alkalies of the laboratory, stars, comets, cyclones, drouths and mosquitoes are more obstinate facts to deal with. We have noticed that Christian Scientists who negate smallpox and ignore a headache cannot help but scratch when the mosquitoes are about.

"Shrines" Versus Real Estate.

Last Sunday Dr. Gunsaulus held the last service in Central Music Hall. Before this reaches our readers the wreckers will have the building dismantled and well on the way towards demolition. It is sad to think that this landmark around which gathers twenty years of high uses, blessed memories, the house wherein a prophet spoke, should be wiped out of existence in order to give way to a great department store; but the saddest thing is that the men and women who represent the Chicago millions as well as the Chicago culture, who sat at the feet of David Swing, should quietly and apparently without a pang consent to the destruction. Chicago never needed a central shrine more than it does today, never showed its appreciation of it in more hopeful ways than today. But the minister last Sunday said that everything from the soda fountain in the drug store up to the pulpit behind which David Swing and the most eminent men and women of America have spoken are advertised for sale. There are acres of unoccupied and unredeemed lands to the south and to the west that could be utilized for great shop buildings, poor structures that would gladly give way to noble structures of commerce, and the people will go where the good goods are; merchants can make their centers, but no money can transfer the associations that have gathered around the southeast corner of Randolph and State streets in Chicago. They ought to have been conserved and enlarged. This people's temple when grown decrepit and inadequate ought to have been replaced by a temple still more sacred and impressive in its popularity because of its popular service. Again we say it is sad to see how easily the wealthy men of Chicago let go of great tasks undertaken. In witness of this we again call attention to the abandonment of the center by the churches, the commercializing of the auditorium, the failure of Frances Willard's noble scheme for a temperance temple at the center of the great Western metropolis, the desertion of the Twelfth Street Manual Training School by the Commercial Club and the transference of the same to the outskirts of the city, which is imminent. New York, cribbed as it is between two relentless arms of the sea, its commercial life cramped by the inexorable limits of nature, has preserved its Trinity Church; Boston has held sacred King's Chapel and the Old South Church, and these ancient landmarks stand today in the midst of the turbulent life of trade as witnesses of the spirit, landmarks of the heart. Chicago cannot always plead its youthfulness as an excuse for the absence of such sanctities. Though it live a thousand years it will still be in its babyhood unless it can point to venerable landmarks, rest in sanctities made such by the love and loyalty of generations gone. If Chicago is ever to become the American London it must have its St. Paul's and its Westminster Abbey. When is it to begin the building of these?

The one solitary landmark at the heart of Chicago that stands for the religious and spiritual traditions of the city is the First Methodist Church Block. To the glory of the Methodist Church let it be said that it has held its ground. The present building indeed is sadly commercialized and is in an advanced state of decrepitude, but it is to be hoped that they will hold the ground until there will be vision enough as there now is money enough in the Methodist Church to build a great building on this land, build it with a divine defiance to profits and rents but with a holy concern for the spiritual welfare of Chicago. It ought to be a great department store of the humanities, an altruistic combination in the interest of the kingdom of God on earth and in heaven at the doors of which the waves of human passion and greed break into soothing music, into murmuring prayer and aspiration.

Another company is formed and another bill is pending in the State legislature of Illinois looking toward the manufacture of more land off the Lake Michigan shore of Chicago. This time it is to begin at Twenty-second street and extend to below Twenty-fifth street, extending about one-third of a mile out into the lake. It is asserted that it will cost $1,500,000 to make this land upon which to locate exposition buildings, museums, theaters, recreation grounds, etc. All these buildings are necessary, but there ar hundreds of acres of desirable territory in Chicago more

accessible to the public than this would be and nearer to the center of the city that are now worse than vacant, covered with deplorable rookeries that shelter more deplorable practices—acres that invite just such occupation as is proposed for the new made land. Why not spend the million and a half of money in reclaiming this lost territory? Is it because of the exorbitant prices held by the present owners, who prefer that their property should be used for illicit purposes than to sell at reasonable prices for these benign uses? Or is it Chicago's passion to get something for nothing? The black belt of Chicago will never be reclaimed until Chicago capital and energy are applied to the building of attractive residences, noble public buildings, decent churches or something better in the way of civic and religious centers, theaters, museums and libraries in this very abandoned territory. There are people enough living in this black belt that forms a semi-circle upward of two miles in width, separating the business center from the desirable resident portion of the city. If the population is not of a kind to appreciate these privileges, the privileges will either transform or supplant them. These are considerations that commend themselves to the real estate board of Chicago quite as much as to its clergy.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

HELEN FISKE JACKSON.

Born at Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831. Died at San Francisco, Cal., August 12, 1885. She was educated at Ipswich, Mass. In 1852 she married Captain Edward Hunt, of the United States army, who died in 1863. In 1875 she became the wife of William S. Jackson, a banker, of Colorado Springs. She published the following works: "Verses by H. H.," in 1870; "Sonnets and Lyrics," in 1876; "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," in 1876; "Hetty's Strange History," in 1877; "A Century of Dishonor," in 1881; "Ramona," in 1884.

Poppies in the Wheat.

Along Ancona's hills the shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air, with ebb and flow,
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green, which toss and beat
Around the vines. The poppies lithe and fleet
Seen running, fiery torchmen, to and fro,
To make the shore. The farmer does not know
That they are there. He walks with heavy feet,
Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain,
But I—I smile to think that days remain
Perhaps to me in which, though bread be sweet,
No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad, remembering how the fleet,
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat.

Coronation.

At the king's gate the subtle noon
  Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;
Into the drowsy snare too soon
  The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
  A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
The chance at last, to see if men
  Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
  Propping his face with listless hand,
Watching the hour-glass sifting down
  Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"
  The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied like one in dream, "Of thee,
  Nothing. I want the king."

Up rose the king, and from his head
  Shook off the crown and threw it by.
"O, man, thou must have known," he said,
  "A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
  Went king and beggar, hand in hand,
Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
  Before his throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
  Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
  "This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon
  Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
  The guards walked, one by one.

"Ho, here! Ho—here! Has no man seen
  The king?" The cry ran to and fro;
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
  The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
  The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son one day
  Slave in his father's stead.

Hiram Washington Thomas.

Birthday Banquet to the Minister of the People's Church of Chicago, Given at the Victoria Hotel on Monday Evening, April 29, 1901.

UNITY gladly gives its pages this week to so much of this banquet as our stenographer was able to catch and it is possible to imprison in the cold type. Something of the cordiality of the speeches, the spontaneity of the humor and the intellectual vigor can be communicated in this wise, but the heartiness of the greeting, the social hospitality, the beauty of the scene and the widely representative character of the men and women assembled must be left to the imagination of the reader. The beautiful banquet hall of the Victoria was filled. Every chair at the one hundred and sixty plates was occupied. Every department of the state and all the professions were represented. Among those who came to rejoice with the People's Church and to join with them in extending their congratulations to the man who had rounded out his sixty-nine years were statesmen, jurists, lawyers and physicians, whose names are household words in Chicago. What will most interest UNITY readers is the fact that a dozen or more ministerial friends succeeded in breaking "previous engagements" in order that they might testify by their presence, if not by their words, their appreciation of the long and striking ministry of Dr. Thomas in Chicago. The ecclesiastical range of the fellowship here represented reached from Rev. Dr. Brushingham of the First Methodist Church to Mr. Mangasarian of the Independent Religious Society. Before Dr. Thomas' plate was a large bunch of beautiful cultivated roses from the suburban gardens of the venerable Judge Bradley, whose imposing figure was seen to the right of Dr. Thomas. Judge Chainey

from his country home sent a box of wild flowers with a note, saying:

"I send you a box of wild flowers that are now blooming around me in our own doorway and along the paths of the woods. If you can give them a place with the cultivated offerings that will grace your banquet table, they may help to suggest both the cultivated and natural grace of nature that has made the work of Dr. Thomas so effective."

Professor Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons, wrote:

"You have stood these years for *all* Chicago, often when it has been hard and lonesome to stand, but you have made it easier for those who ought to stand alone. Do not be persuaded that you are growing old. The heart is young. Be high hearted ever."

And Dr. T. A. Bland of the parish, wrote:

"I join with others in felicitating you upon the growth you have made toward the stature of perfect manhood and the great aid that you have been able to give to others less strong in their efforts to reach the same goal. I have watched with deep and loving interest your career of great usefulness, and I not only congratulate you, but I congratulate the thousands who have been privileged to listen to your inspired utterances."

No effort was made to solicit communications, but a large mass of congratulatory correspondence from personal friends lies upon the doctor's table at home which for want of time was passed unnoticed at the banquet.

Rev. J. A. Brushingham spoke the word of grace before the dinner, which was heartily enjoyed, after which John F. Eberhart, president of the People's Church, turned the program over to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who acted as toastmaster, and the program proceeded as follows:

Mr. Jones.—Friends, that you have brought your appetites along with you is a matter I think the landlord will be willing to testify to; I trust that you have brought your heads along with you for you are to listen to a noted array of speakers rather heavily loaded —with significant titles. Titles of which I fear the committee has been over generous. As for myself, at least, I can assure you I am innocent of the great arraignment.

Whatever may be said tonight, and I am sure there will be many glad testimonies, the most eloquent evidence of your love for and appreciation of him who has represented the light and warmth of religion in this city for so many years, is found in the joyous presence of so large and so representative a company.

I am afraid to say anything more for fear I may steal some of the thunder already packed ready for use by these brethren here to my right and my left. I shall do all I can to move this train on schedule time. I ask these gentlemen to look well to their air brakes before they start out the engine. Having attended to the terminal facilities, let them pull out the throttle valve and make as good time as they can.

We have with us tonight a "Colledge" that belongs to Aurora. If we like it we will annex it and then it will be a "University." If any man by inheritance knows what independency is it ought to be a Scotchman who comes from the land of Thomas Carlyle.

W. A. Colledge will speak to the toast of "Independency in Religion."

Rev. W. A. Colledge, Minister of the People's Church of Aurora.—Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: I can assure you that it is with no small degree of diffidence I arise to speak this evening. In looking down the program at the names of the prominent men to take part in the evening's exercises, I feel like quoting an old tradition that tells about the Prophet Daniel: When he entered in the lion's den and looked about him he said, "Well, it won't be me that will make the after-dinner speaking tonight."

But I am anxious to bear witness in some manner to my admiration and affection for the friend through whose guidance I came into the leadership of an independent church, and enjoyed seven years of very fruitful and very delightful pastorate. We all realize the great change that has taken place in church work, sermons and ministers during our own generation. I remember the beautiful hill and glen in which I was raised as a boy, the old church that stood on the hill, and the old minister who preached there for over thirty years. In that part of the country there was a peculiarity in speech. We always introduced the pronoun "he" into many of our sentences, and many of these sentences when heard by a foreign ear, sounded simply ludicrous. Our minister was no exception to the rest of us. I remember one morning, his announcing as the text, "The devil is a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour."

And he began his sermon, "Brethren, with your permission, we will divide this text into four heads: First, we will strive to ascertain who the devil, he was; second, to inquire where the devil, he was going; thirdly, we will ask the question, who the devil, he was seeking; and fourthly and lastly, we will endeavor to solve the problem, what the devil, he was roaring at." Sermonizing of that character has long since passed away.

I am a little afraid, on looking at my text, "Independency in Religion," that it is very like the snakes in Ireland,—there isn't any. Religion is always dependent, dependent upon the great Father and the yearning of the soul of man for that spiritual sympathy which alone comes from the great God. As I look through this question of independency, which I suppose means liberalism, in all its forms that I have known in the last twenty-five years, it seems to divide itself into two very simple and natural parts. It would seem in the beginning that it was the strenuous life, the life of struggle, because we had to demonstrate that the ideas we stood for were worthy of existence. Dr. Thomas and many of the noble men who stood side by side with him, lived the strenuous life and spent blood and tears in trying to demonstrate the value of a broader conception of the love of God to man. But today it would seem that all this has passed away. In the liberal movement today there is no place for destructive work. I believe that the great mission of the liberal church is to be constructive. There are thousands of men and women today who are craving the simple message of love from the heart of the great Father, and it is the broad, tolerant, beautiful mission of the liberal church to bring those who have been for years outside the influence and perhaps far from the home of God, these great truths, in as sweet and simple manner as can come from the lips of men.

I think that is the mission of the independent church and that is "independency in religion." And I also believe that the prayer of every liberal should be in the words of that old seer and sage, Socrates, "I pray thee, O Lord, to make me beautiful within."

The Toastmaster.—Independency is only half expressed when it is made to represent the willingness to stand alone. The desire to give full sway to the individual independency is the privilege to stand together in spite of classes, and names and creeds, the privilege of belonging to anything you like, of working with everybody who will work with you, and going with all the people that are going your way.

This speech will be continued by Mr. White who will speak on "The People's Church."

Rev. R. A. White, Minister of Stuart Avenue Universalist Church.—Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: I owe a debt of profound gratitude for

having been given the prelude to my speech. I have been wondering how in the world I could possibly introduce myself or begin the very brief task to which you have assigned me.

I wish, first of all, on behalf of my church, to bring its greeting, its fraternal word and an expression of its profound love for the man whom tonight we mutually honor, and for the People's Church of which he has been for so many years the beloved pastor. And to this I want to add my own word of regard and of affection. All this, my friends, I deem a privilege, a great pleasure and an opportunity, and the only drawback to this evening's pleasure to me has been the thought that I must sometime during the evening make a speech. And what has troubled me very much worse than the thought of making the speech, was that I was expected to make it in ten minutes. I have been feeling very much as the man felt who was about to die, a man of middle age who had lived a life not quite as good in many respects as it ought to have been, and when he thought he was about to die he became very anxious about it. He very much wanted to live, he feared to die, and the good clergyman came in to console him and to try and smooth his way down to the dark gateway which he dreaded to approach. Among other things he said most reverently and with great solemnity.

"I know, my dear friend, it is hard to die, but just remember, my dear fellow, what a brilliant future there is before you." "Yes," said the man, "I remember, that is just the trouble; I can already begin to see it blaze." And it has been this lurid color before me that has tinged what would otherwise be unalloyed pleasure with just a little discomfort.

In the few moments at my command allow me to express my reverence, shall I say, yes, that is precisely the word I want to use,—for the People's Church and for its history. One thing is very certain, the history of Chicago can never be properly and fully written, that is its deep history, that abiding and concealed history that men all too seldom see, that history that lies under the surface of things that builds up the apparent history of a great city like this cannot be adequately written, unless you write in the history of Dr. Thomas and the People's Church. Men estimate this great city and the constructive forces that have reared it here on these mighty western prairies, and by the borders of this magnificent inland sea, oftentimes by these great externals, these forces that manifest themselves in our teeming commerce, in the mighty buildings we thrust up towards the Heavens, but we all know in our prophetic and better moments that there are other forces equally great, equally important in the life of a great city as those that make for its commerce. And those great forces are the forces of education and the forces of religion. Among the great religious forces that have helped to make Chicago what she is, forces that are to thrill and throb through many long years and decades, stands the People's Church, born, to be sure, out of controversy, but after all, never other than kindly in its temper and constructive in its purpose.

One of the first great inspirations of my life to a more rational interpretation of religion and the destiny of man came from this great central west and from the People's Church, and glad indeed, I was, when I came here years later, to meet and count as friend, this man whom at a distance, I had learned to love, and to know more intimately the people that stood by him and worked by him, and worked with him.

To the people of the People's Church I bring the congratulations of a sister church. I congratulate the People's Church not only upon the strong man who has stood in its pulpit, but I congratulate it upon the men and women who have stood shoulder to shoulder with this man in its days of stress. I congratulate it upon the men still living and the men who have passed the border into the great shadow land. I congratulate it upon the magnificent women, many of whom I have known and some of whom in the last few years have passed into the land of shadows. I congratulate you all.

And my final word is simply this, that as much as the People's Church has contributed to the profounder life of Chicago and this central west even so in the days to come it must continue to so contribute. There is a great place in Chicago and in the central west for just such a church as the People's Church is, for the same kindly, constructive and rational work that has characterized its ventures in all these years. It conflicts with no other movements in the great heart of this western city and there are thousands still as eager and as hungry for that rational word of truth as they were twenty years ago, and there will be as many twenty years from now.

May the blessing of God rest upon our dear friend tonight and upon the church which he has founded.

A solo, "The Holy City", was sung by Miss Etta Maclay.

THE TOASTMASTER.—There is something in the next name that must have a peculiar charm to Chicagoans. Rond-thaler, the Round Dollar. But this etymology is no interpretation of our genial friend, Dr. Rondthaler, of the Presbyterian church. He cannot more beautifully interpolate his subject Catholicity in Religion than by the nature and character of this assembly. We are glad to hear from our friend Rondthaler, of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church.

REV. J. A. RONDTHALER OF THE FULLERTON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—When I was a boy, there were two terrors that kept me awake nights. One was the "Second Advent;" the other, Fox's "Book of Martyrs." I do not know which was the most terrible to me. Whenever I was particularly troublesome, I was threatened with the Second Advent during the night; and when I was particularly bad I had to read chapters and chapters of the "Book of Martyrs," and I thought of all things in the world to be a martyr was the most terrible. Of course nothing of the morals and courage appealed to me. But after I became a man and put away childish things and came to Chicago, I saw what a magnificent thing it is to be a martyr. When I became acquainted with Dr. Thomas I thought of all the splendid accomplishments to be a martyr was the most splendid. For just see,—lifted up on hands, crowned with flowers, surrounded by compliments, assured of sympathy, embosomed in love. That is the result of martyrdom in Chicago. Chased out of the church, welcomed to a larger church. Cried against because of heresy, and the open arm of broad orthodoxy receiving him. Why, it pays to be a martyr. O, Chicago, tramp on me, too! O, Methodist Church, cast me out! I like that way of being thrown up. O, Presbyterianism, if you will just simply mash me, why, I know what a grand thing it would be! And yet, it is just as big a compliment to Chicago as Dr. Thomas, for nowhere else but in broad minded, Catholic, hurly-burly, voracious, hungry, always seething, all-believing, broad Chicago, could this thing have happened, that a man could have builded up a church like this and stood here, admired, honored and loved through all these years. It takes Thomas,—that is right, that is one side of the equation,—but it takes Chicago, too, the other side of the equation.

So it is just as big a compliment to this great city of Chicago—with those blessed Israelites pouring out their divine truth of God upon us; with those red hot Methodists still flaying our very skin; with those Presbyterians fighting over nothing, while we are all together, in a basket. What is the difficulty? But do not be too proud of your crowd. It is the fellow that

speaks to the little crowds that speaks to the generals. Oh, I always compliment myself with the large spirit of Catholicism whenever I have a very small audience to speak to, that I speak to the captains. You fellows with the big audiences, you speak to the mob. God bless the mob! God bless the man that can hold them, as Dr. Thomas has done during all these years, as these hetrodox, orthodox, outrageous-dox are doing all over the city. For where else could you fill theaters, public halls with admiring audiences, where else could you get the overflow from our churches? Ah, we still have got an overflow in Presbyterianism! What you fellows don't want we will take. And do you know, nowadays, it is not so easy to get away from the churches as it used to be; it is hard to get out. Why, a week ago, at our ministers' meeting we had a fellow who, like the starling, cried to get out. But we wouldn't let him go and they said,—Wait for another year and see whether you still want to go. That is the "perseverance of the Saint."

God bless Dr. Thomas for persevering in that beautiful, Catholic spirit that has pervaded his work and has crept out beyond the borders of his work to other churches. We have felt the inspiration of his broad, sweet sympathy. And, Oh men and women, is it not true, after all, that that which has made Dr. Thomas the man for Chicago, and that which has made the People's Church what Mr. White has told us about is that broad, sweet word, "Sympathy," that pours itself out from his spirit on poor and rich alike? I believe that that great sympathy which comes nearest in my estimation to the beating of God's heart, is what has made Dr. Thomas successful; and that is the large, Catholic spirit that we want throughout all relations and associations whether we belong to the synagogue or to the church, the theater or the Music Hall, or whether we belong to nothing at all. We do want to belong to each other. That is Catholicism, to belong to each other in the name of the great divine Spirit who belongs to us all.

THE TOASTMASTER.—We have all known Dr. Thomas as a young man, we have never known him in any other capacity, but my friend at my left here, knew him in his "earlier days." It is not best to know everything in the life of a boy, but it would be interesting to know some things in the life of such a boy as this, and no one is more competent to speak than the man who had the pleasure of using the ferule on him if it were necessary. We will be glad to listen to Dr. Eberhart as one of the early teachers of Dr. Thomas, who will speak of his early life.

DR. EBERHART.—I fear I shall not be able to keep up the standard of mirth, eloquence and "profanity" of these ministerial gentlemen, but I will do the best I can in my way.

I did not know Dr. Thomas in his infancy, but, according to the law of correspondences, he must have been a handsome baby. It is said the "child is father to the man," and the acorn is the undeveloped oak. He was born a preacher. If the first vibrations of noise that came from his new lungs could have been properly interpreted they would have revealed a sermon, probably on "evolution" or the "new life," and later on it would be his favorite hymn "The Better Land," or "God be with you 'till we meet again."

His childhood was spent in the mountains of West Virginia, a country rugged with nature. He loved those grand formations of nature, jutting rocks and hills, the trees, birds and flowers, and the bright waters that ran sparkling down into the valleys. At the age of ten years he was already sure that he would have to be a preacher, although he was fond of youthful sports, running, riding, boxing and especially hunting. In that country everybody hunted on Sunday. Hiram Thomas never hunted on Sunday but once. His parents were away and a boy invited him to go, so he took down his gun and went. But he did not feel right about it until he had told his mother. All she said, was, "My son, I am sorry." The mild reproach made such a lasting impression that even now when he does not feel just right, he sometimes dreams that he is hunting on Sunday.

It is also said that he once had an encounter with one of his neighbor's boys, who went home slightly damaged in his facial appearance; and when interrogated about the matter, said he had called Hiram Thomas a liar; and when his mother said "I should think you could easily handle that little spindle-shanks of a Thomas," he said, "I would rather fight a wildcat than Hiram." He does not look the athlete now. But detectives say that when a man has that great nervous temperament of his—is young—and has red hair—hold-up men do not care to trouble with him. And I once heard Thomas Starr King say that a man with such a temperament ordinarily weighed about 150 pounds, but when he was mad he weighed a ton!

His boyhood days were spent on the farm. He trained colts, mowed, sowed, plowed and gathered the harvests into the barn; he plaited his summer hats out of the rye straw raised on the farm, and made his winter caps out of the furs of the wild animals, captured in the chase.

They had no free schools in West Virginia then—you might say no schools,—and when he did go to school, he had to walk a long way to a very poor school in the winter. A little later on—at 14—he walked one hundred miles to a better private school, and there worked nights and mornings for his board and tuition.

At the age of 18 years he attempted his first sermon. He was on a trial trip on a circuit with two other ministers. They went on horseback and he rode alone apart from the others during the day to study his sermon. He took for his text "Awake to Righteousness, and Sin Not." He divided his subject into four parts. He got through the "firstly" and "secondly" all right. But about that time he happened to think about himself, and the fact that *he* was *preaching*, and things began to get mixed; and the more he tried to think, the more entangled he became in the mazy vacancy and nothingness that seemed to overshadow him. It grew dark about him, and he closed with an apology, and an explanation of the case, and took his seat without even saying that he would finish it at some other time.

The next morning he did not think that *he* had been born a preacher. He started home convinced that he had made a mistake, and fully determined to quit the profession. But he felt ashamed to go home, and so he stopped over night with a neighbor four miles away, to wear off the indescribable feelings that were storming his manhood. But something somehow put him on the track again, and I don't believe that he has run off the track, or made a wreck of a sermon since that time, but always delivers his cargo of rich thoughts and kind words on time.

I knew him only by reputation until after he had preached a couple of years. He then decided to enter a classical seminary of which I was the principal. I had heard a good deal about him, but the first time I ever saw him, he was mounted on a sanctimonious looking bay horse with saddle bags, long overcoat and leggins,—in fact in the full dress of a circuit Methodist preacher in that age. A flash light of my memory would give you a perfect picture. His face was serious and looked the representative of the solemn and strenous Christianity of that day.

But when Hiram Thomas got into the school room his solemnity disappeared. He was all attention sparkling and bright in his nature, and was more intelligent and cultured than the ordinary students, and being attentive, he took in every thought and fact of

his recitations with great avidity. He enjoyed philosophy, mathematics, metaphysics—now called psychology—and mastered the Greek verb "to be" with all its many irregularities and various voices, moods and tenses, in less time than I ever knew a student to accomplish that feat of arbitrary memory. No one ever enjoyed his studies more than he did.

Dr. Thomas was at that time a member of the Evangelical Association in that region, mostly German, which made him dissatisfied with the situation.

I remember when he took his ordination in that church, in the German language, of which he did not understand a word. He looked very innocent and submitted to it like a baby when it is baptized. You have occasionally seen one that submitted to the ceremony without crying, but looked out from under the hand on its head with the least touch of feeling, half indignity practiced on it. He told me after it was over that he would never again "as long as he lived," submit to any act or ceremony without being able to understand what was being said and done.

After he left school he again took up the practical work of the ministry, and about that time became connected with the Methodist Episcopal church.

I have had many reports of his experiences in his ministerial life. But time does not permit their mention. In his early ministry the creeds were the great partition walls between the churches, and the preacher who could best advocate the creeds of his church was the greatest preacher, and became famous.

In a general way it seemed as though more time and thought were given to the advocacy of church tenets than the beautiful truths of religion. Of course Dr. Thomas got into some of these discussions, for he has always had the courage of his convictions. Although born in a slave state, he attacked slavery whenever there was an opportunity.

In one neighborhood where he preached, in barns or houses as was most convenient, a well educated old-school Presbyterian minister had a fine church and congregation. Dr. Thomas attacked the doctrines of a predestination and was rapidly making inroads into the audiences of the old society. He was challenged to a discussion by the old minister. The challenge was promptly accepted. The discussion was held in his church and was continued for some days before large audiences. I have it from one who heard the discussion that Thomas was rapidly gaining in applause and winning the sympathies of the audience. when the old minister became somewhat nettled at some of Thomas's remarks and took the "young man," as he called him, to task. But when the time came for Dr. Thomas to speak again, he came up smiling with some pleasant apologies, and said that his good old brother ought not to blame him for what he had said or done, for according to his own doctrine, he could not help it. He had to accept the challenge, he had to come up here and discuss this question, and he *had to say just what he did;* and he did not see how either of them could have escaped any of the conditions.

The only other doctrinal discussion that I ever heard him speak of, was, with a Universalist minister; and the only thing I could get him to say about it, was that he was badly beaten, but came out of it with less prejudice and a larger and broader Christian philosophy.

After I came West in the spring of '55, I heard of Dr. Thomas only occasionally, until I met him in the General Conference in 1869 in Chicago. He was then preaching in Burlington, Ia., and I urged him to come to Chicago, where he would have a larger field of labor. He said he had never in his life, as a minister, preached a specimen sermon, or sought an appointment, but always went where he was sent by the Conference.

I met a leading man from Burlington, about that time, who said, in answer to an inquiry, that on Sunday mornings, Dr. Thomas had the largest audiences in Burlington—and in the evening he had all the people. I invited Dr. Thomas to visit me in Chicago,—he came, —and I then told Dr. Bayliss, our pastor, that I had a country preacher from Iowa visiting me that I thought would preach if invited. I knew his opinion of country preachers. He looked quizzically at me, and said, I will invite anyone you will endorse. He was invited. I was then an official member of his board in the Park Avenue Methodist Church, and the other members joined with me to spread the notice of his coming. And he had a very large and attentive audience on Sunday morning, and before Dr. Bayliss left the pulpit on Sunday morning he announced Dr. Thomas for the evening sermon. The house was densely packed in the evening, and the people were greatly pleased. The official board at once made application to have him transferred.

But we found this more of a task than we had counted on. The fact was that there were then more good preachers in Chicago than there were good places for them, and they did not care to have others added to them. The good old presiding elder in his letter to the bishop asking for his transfer, said that if Thomas was *needed* in Iowa, and it was not perfectly convenient to transfer him to Chicago, that we had plenty of good men in Chicago to supply the Park Avenue Church. And except for the fact that I was personally acquainted with the good and great Bishop Thompson, whom I had known as a teacher in my college days, and who was then presiding over the Iowa conference, Dr. Thomas would probably not have been transferred to Chicago at that time. And then what. Some good old Presbyterian doctrine of predestination would have been needed.

His life and work in Chicago you are all familiar with. But his work outside of the pulpit is appreciated and known by only a few. Last Monday evening, a week ago, I called at his house and he came in at 5:30 almost in a state of collapse. He had attended three funerals that day and had two orders for the next. Said he averaged about one funeral a day. And then "the weddings," I remarked. "Well," said he, "I have more funerals than weddings, as it takes two to make a wedding, and but one to make a funeral."

It seems fitting to add tonight that heretofore in our Thomas birthday anniversaries we had with us Mrs. Emmaline Thomas, the partner and sharer of all his labors and sorrows, his joys and his triumphs, of his earlier as well as later years. She was always a joy to every such occasion. She is no longer with us in the body, but we revere her memory, and place a flower on her grave. The place beside Dr. Thomas is now occupied by another whom we welcome and greet with a kindly spirit. We greet her tonight as the companion of his life, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, and the co-worker and comforter of his declining years. She comes from her labors of love in the field of humanity with a mind and character enriched by study and travel. We welcome and receive her with open hearts and no doubt when she shall be as well known as Mrs. Emmaline Thomas, she will be loved as well.

It has been my good fortune in late years to visit nearly every part of our own great country and I have seldom been at a place, whether it was in the northern regions of the Great Lakes, on a ranch in Texas, in the cabin of the hunter, the hut of the fisherman or the palatial homes of the rich, that someone when they had learned that I was from Chicago, did not inquire about Dr. Thomas. Many had heard him preach while passing through Chicago, and frequently mentioned the subject of his sermon, and quoted things he had said. He is loved by a multitude, and his influence has gone out into all the land and can never die.

THE TOASTMASTER.—Independency in religion is but one department of the field that belongs to the independent. I know of no man more competent to adequately measure in words the sphere of the independent and to state his place in society than the man who is now to speak to us on "The Value of the Independent." But nothing he can say will so adequately estimate the value of the independent as a just measure of what he himself has been in this community for twenty years, summoning us all to be ourselves, stripping off the external attachments and the transient labels when they cease to help, or signify only secondary things, not only in religion, but in civic life, public service and in individual conduct. If you would know the value of the independent, estimate the worth of my friend, neighbor and fellow worker, Emil G. Hirsch, who will now speak to us on this subject.

I know the value of an independent tonight. They say "time is money." They give me ten minutes to estimate "The Value of the Independent." Figure it out.

"Independent" is a good Latin word for the homely English "crank." The "cranks" are the independents. There are two kinds of independents. One that is born too late, and another that is born too early. If he is born too late he represents orthodoxy; if he is born too early he represents radicalism, for what today is radical becomes conservative tomorrow and the day after it is orthodox. That is the swinging of the pendulum throughout the history of the human mind and in all the departments. There was a time when Dr. Thomas preached what I believe the most orthodox Methodists would today refuse to preach, and today they preach that for preaching which they forcibly asked Dr. Thomas to step out from their community twenty-one years ago. The first independent, said to be an ancestor of mine, though I doubt the direct descent, was Father Abraham. He got the divine command,—Get thee out. It is always the command to the independent that has come ahead of his time. If it is the other kind of independency they say,—Get thee behind me. But when it is,—Get thee out, it is time to move on. And so the independent is a pathfinder, one who goes to the land which he alone sees because God alone has shown it to him. Now such independents we need today not merely in religion, but in politics, and all the fields of human endeavor. We are becoming exceedingly specialized, concentrated. Our brains become departmentalized just as our business. Now there must be some people in education and politics as in religion, who hear the command "come up!" "come out!" In political life they call these men the "Mugwumps," the men who have vision, and the courage to say that the policy of administration is wrong if a nation in a moment of ill considered enthusiasm, should make a promise which, in more deliberate moments it would not approve of, proceeds to violate that promise.

The independent men in religion have the same function as the independent in politics. They are put forward to show where the others have to march to.

There is another thing the independent in religion does not do, he does not scoff and he is not frivolous. Perhaps today we liberals need to be taught the lesson that we have altogether too much admiration for our liberalism. It requires no courage today in Chicago to be a liberal. It requires courage to be an orthodox, an illiberal, and I wish that some of us liberals would bear in mind that men today stay behind at times for the very same reason that some of us marched out.

I do not believe that the world will ever have one religion; it is not desirable. They have tried to make one world-language, and a few years ago every woman's club was engaged in studying "Volapuk," but even the women's clubs were not equal to the task. Language is growth, and you cannot resolve a new religion. Seemingly we all stand for one and the same thing, but we do not. It is good that we are independent the one of the other. Each one has a certain function to perform. Give elbow room to each, then we shall all profit the more.

We glory in the fact that Dr. Thomas was a true independent. His voice went out for justice. He himself illustrated with his character the courage of the independent. He won the esteem of those nearest to him, the regard of all members of the church and of the unchurched, all the citizens of Chicago. And I am sure that the small contingency of independents that I represent have no more grateful task tonight than to deposit their wreaths of flowers at the feet of your and also our grand independent, Hiram W. Thomas.

THE TOASTMASTER.—This man whom tonight we honor, Dr. Thomas, has never been clearly seen in his public relationships without the stars and stripes somewhere in the background or foreground of the picture. If any man has stood for that piety that is patriotism, and that patriotism that is pious in the high sense of the word, in our midst these twenty years, the Chaplain of the First Regiment of the Illinois National Guard, has been such a man. And if any man has tasted that sweetness of fellowship which comes to sincere men as they gather around the camp fire and eat from a common mess chest, it is Colonel Turner, who was, and is Dr. Thomas' comrade, and our comrade in all warfare that stands for progress and purity. We want to hear from Colonel Turner as to the patriotism that is pious and the piety that is patriotic.

COLONEL H. L. TURNER.—Mr. Toastmaster, Dr. Thomas and Friends: It was with a great deal of pleasure that I promised a little time ago to be here tonight, and to say a few words of comradeship in honor of our dear old chaplain, Dr. Thomas. But it was with a great deal of surprise that I read my topic, "The Pulpit and Patriotism," for I presume there is no man in the country that knows less of the ins and outs of the pulpit than do I; and today I may add, perhaps there is no man who is more puzzled to know what our country demands of us in the line of patriotism. But when comradeship calls there can be no doubtings, no questionings, and so, dear Doctor, though some one in my topic may have blundered, though the world shall have wondered, it is not for me to reason why, but for me to stand by you, old comrade, even in the pulpit as well as in the camp and in the tented field. There were times many years ago when I might have been a Presbyterian, a Baptist or a Hanoverian, but alas, these things have gone "where the woodbine twineth." There was a time when even I felt that I was called. In the silent watches of the night, I thought I heard a still small voice crying out, "Samuel, Samuel," but ah, me, friends, it was only the "owl and the pussy cat out in the night," and thus it happened, friends, that perhaps the pulpit has lost a bright and shining light. There was a time when I turned my thought and study to theology, but I found, like Galileo, like my friend Dr. Thomas, that I had been born a quarter of a century too soon. I did not win any decorations, and yet, my friends, I thank God that there is no force strong enough on earth to throw me out of my reverence for omnipotent power and wisdom, to throw me out of sympathy with all the beauty, grace and grandeur of the Christ of history, to throw me out of touch and comradeship with these grand "pulpiteers" who are here tonight, my friends, every one of them.

The American pulpit is patriotism personified. My friends, there seems to be much in common between the

pulpit and patriotism. I have heard that the pulpit travels on half fare; I know that the American patriot often marches with no fare at all. I know that the white choker and the surplice like the epaulette and the brass buttons are winners with the women, and in love's tournament, where the soldier has slain his thousands the preacher has slain his ten thousands.

And, my friends, I want to say another thing, where the pulpit and patriotism run in parallel lines,—the gray mare is ever the better horse." The American pastor's wife is not content with quoting, "They also serve who only stand and wait," but she gets out and hustles for the people of the parish and is worthy of all honor. And the patriot's wife, if she becomes the angelic "mother of a fighting regiment," she does great things, not "dreams them all day long," and I of all men give her honor, love and reverence.

My friends, there is, as it seems to me, another line of parallelism between the pulpit and patriotism. I remember, many years ago, in my early manhood, my colonel said to me, "Adjutant, here is an order for you." I opened and read it with great delight as it was an appointment as aide-de-camp on the staff of a great general. I can feel tonight the wonderfully uplifting feeling of delegated power that I once felt as I spurred over the field and delivered my chief's orders. But, my friends, who can measure the illimitable enthusiasm of one who voluntarily accepts the position as aid-de-camp of the Almighty in the battle against sin and wrong.

My friends, Dr. Thomas has been with us years upon years. Long before I became commander of the First Regiment he had served the boys faithfully and O, what years of pleasant comradeship, of jovial fellowship, of work well done, we have passed through together. Colonels have come and gone, but the dear chaplain, he goes on forever. And it seems to me that his greatest work perhaps is his work among the tens of thousands of the young men who have passed under his influence in these many years. I know that in the ten years we have been associated together there has not been in this city a more vivid, life giving, uplifting power than that found in the life and words of our good commander. And I believe as the years go on and the good doctor shall have passed to his long home, thousands will still say like the Irishman in the telephone, "We hear ye dear doctor, but we cannot see you."

THE TOASTMASTER.—Mrs. Young, representative of the Ladies' Home Circle, has a word to say. The ladies, with a few words, handed to the doctor a birthday gift in the way of a check, after which the toastmaster said: Now, my friends, it is your turn. Dr. Thomas will say the closing words.

DR. THOMAS.—My friends, however it may seem to you it seems to me that there is time in abundance. There is no use hurrying whether it is the last day of the month or the first day, whether it is your sixtieth or your eightieth birthday. There is no use hurrying, there is time enough.

Dear friends, all I can say is that for myself and Mrs. Thomas I thank you, and I thank you in the memory of Mrs. Thomas who is in the other life. I think the only real wealth, the only satisfactory treasure in this world is that of the mind and of the heart. To be loved by one's fellow-beings is certainly a very great blessing. I do not know what experience any of you have had in sitting for two or three hours and hearing yourself talked about. It is a peculiar experience. And yet, honestly, it has hardly occurred to me that they were talking about me, for I hardly know I am in the world, seldom think of myself and have always lived the subjective life, but have never established a personality that I thought worth thinking about. I thought more about the common work in which I have been lost, the welfare of the world, the work of the mind, the soul world, and if I have added anything to that I am glad, but I deserve no credit particularly. I have always simply loved my fellow beings. I am thankful for every human being who has ever spoken to me, ever given to me a cup of cold water or reached out the hand of friendship. I wish I could pour out a thousand lives like this for you of Chicago, of America and all the world. I am simply thankful and happy, living the life of love, trusting God and trying to do good.

Now if sixty-nine is growing old, it is a great disappointment to me. These young people, beautiful girls and blushing young men, do not know what the wealth of years to come will bring.

I thank the Ladies' Circle of the People's church. I thank you all.

If my own experience counts for anything I would honestly rather be sixty than fifty. I would rather be fifty than forty. I would rather be seventy than sixty-nine. Life gets better. It is a beautiful thing to grow old in the love of your friends, the love of God, the love of man and country, the love of good, and so, friends, I thank you all, and pray God to bless you.

TOASTMASTER.—(After alluding to the many letters received which must go unread, and thanking speakers and listener), "I hope somebody else will have another birthday soon that will bring us together again, and help us to know each other better, that we may do more and better work together. This banquet is now closed."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

On the table lies a delightful volume, entitled Health and a Day. When I say that it is the work of Professor Lewis G. Janes, and published by the James H. West Company, I have already said that the book commends itself to all the readers of UNITY. The best charm of the book is its adherence to nature rather than art—which, after all, is the supremest art. It is dedicated to that charming man Dr. Martin Luther Holbrook, whom the author calls "gentlest of Reformers; most Catholic of Protestants; Wise Teacher of the practical lessons of life; and Faithful Pioneer in the work of enlightenment." Dr. Janes tells us that his object is to give us a book that will be helpful by way of suggestion, and will be self-healing, or teach us the art of self-healing. He desires to mediate between those who are material in their conceptions of life, health, disease, and medicament, and those who lay too heavy a stress on spirit—and we suppose spiritual healing. The Doctor is always sane, cool, calm, deliberate, and while he does not accept all modern theories, he is able to listen and judge for himself. All of the chapters are suggestive. I like particularly the "Saving Values of Ideals" and "Health in the Home."

After an immense amount of twaddle on the subject of trusts certainly with no apprehension of the meaning of the consolidation of capital, we have at last a book, written by our friend William Miller Collier and published by the Baker and Taylor Co., of New York, which is thorough, rational and helpful. I should like to take up this volume in the way of thorough review, but I am not certain that I can do better than to say that this great political and social question, which just now touches every citizen of the United States, is expounded in this volume as thoroughly, and at the same time cautiously, as it is possible that it should be done in the present stage of the evolution of trusts.

Mr. Collier gives us the key to his book when he suggests that "heretofore there has been action rather than consideration, and legislation rather than discussion." So great are the dangers, on the one hand of no action and on the other hand of rash action, that we feel that the proper character of a book upon this subject should be at this time that of a study of inquiry rather than a dogmatic treatise. In the Appendix we find a list of the anti-trust laws which have been enacted, and other important documents.

* * *

In the pile of novels recently printed, mostly rubbish, I find two that the readers of UNITY will thank me for calling to their attention. The first of these is Eben Holden, published by the Lothrop Publishing Co. of Boston. This is a thoroughly admirable picture of home life and of affairs as they were along the eastern counties of New York state fifty years ago. This was when the New Englanders were flowing over out of Vermont and Connecticut and beginning their march to take possession of the continent. Nearly every picture is drawn to the life, as I can personally testify. It is full of quaint humor, the deepest and most living emotion, and will do anybody good as well as yield them pleasure. Eben Holden, or "Uncle Eb," as he is called, is a quaint, honest, thoroughly genuine character, who runs away from New England after the death of his friend, carrying on his back a little lad to save him from being bound out. The runaways succeed in avoiding capture, and so begins a story which the author claims to be to some extent autobiographical. It has all the character and spirit of an autobiographical history. I have not found a single dull page. I only wish that the horse trade had been left out, because that reminds you of David Harum—a book infinitely inferior to this. The other novel which I wish to notice is The Forest Schoolmaster, by Peter Rosegger, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The author is an Austrian, living in a lonely mountain region, and so thoroughly self-made that his work has an original flavor. I should like to quote some of the sweet and beautiful passages of this book, but out of their relations I fear they would seem not half so fine as they really are. Will you get these two books, on my recommendation that you will read them at least twice through.

Here lies the History of the People of the Netherlands, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and in three volumes. Those who have read Motley will imagine that they have possibly covered the field undertaken by Mr. Blok. But here is the growth of the nation, called the Netherland—that is, the Dutch people, including Belgium and Holland. The first volume brings us from the earliest times to the fifteenth century; the second gives a gradual centralization of power and the Burgundian period. The third volume covers the war with Spain. Reading the first two volumes, I lay them down with the conviction that Mr. Blok has succeeded in doing what we have heard a good deal about in this country, writing the history of a people. Among the American historians we have but one who has done us as good a piece of work; I refer to Mr. Rhodes' History of the United States from 1850. Mr. Blok himself gives a very good summary of the third volume, which is just issued, when he says that "he intends to portray how good and evil alternated under the direction of the three great Orange Princes; how commerce and manufacture, not only in spite of, but actually because of the war, developed vigorously; how the theological opinions of the majority took a definite direction; how political institutions were crystallized; how art and science enjoyed a period of bloom at the close of hostilities, when security and prosperity created favorable conditions. This is the period also covered by Mr. Motley, whose history is spoken of by Mr. Blok as "the fascinating painting which entrances a reader rather than convinces him of the justice of their representations."

D. Appleton & Co. have just issued the fifth edition of "Our Heredity from God." This edition is prefaced with an admirable half-tone picture of the author. The sale of the book has gone on steadily since its publication in 1886—with a slight increase of demand year by year. Mr. Powell has inserted the picture because he would like to meet his cordial readers as near face to face as possible.

Herod, by Stephen Phillips, is a wonderful work—a something that at last comes to us from the book market without a palpable effort to please the crowd and win great sales. This is real literature once more. It is intensely passion-full, although it moves off at the beginning with self-control and reserve. There is much in this poem that reminds the careful reader of that great poem Festus, by Bailey. The fire, the exaltation, however, belong to one mood and to only one. They are poems that unfortunately cannot be reread. No one can live and breathe—or cares to do it—in such atmosphere. Herod's dream of the Temple is peculiarly suggestive of Bailey's Temple of the Angels.

"I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold,
To be a counter-glory to the Sun.
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon
Shall aim all night her argent archery;
And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon;
Shall send a light upon the lost in Hell,
And flashings upon faces without hope;
And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive,
Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations,
And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands;
Allure the living God out of the bliss,
And all the streaming seraphim from heaven."

E. P. P.

Recent Books.

The Nineteenth Century. A review of progress during the last one hundred years in the chief departments of human activity.

This goodly volume of 494 pages (Putnam's) is one of the many handbooks prepared to give a bird's eye view of the varied life of the last century. Under its eight divisions (Law and Government, History, Sociology, Literature and the Fine Arts, Education and Science, Applied Science, Transportation, War) the chief topics of human interest and activity are discussed by thirty-seven writers all of whom may be called prominent in their special fields. Griffis writes upon Japan, Carnegie upon steel, Julia Maud Howe upon changes in the legal and political status of woman, Newcomb upon astronomy, Oliver Lodge upon physics; and these and other equally eminent persons present summaries which are especially valuable to the general reader. This is a useful book of reference to which many will turn for information as they desire to know just what has been accomplished along these different lines. It will be found convenient, helpful and reliable. Of course, too much must not be expected of such a book. The summaries are too brief to serve all purposes. A case in point is that by Leslie Stephen on Religion. Whatever he writes is interesting. His remarks respecting the bearing of evolution upon religion are worth attention, but an article without any reference to "Missions," "Comparative Religion," or "Biblical Science," is obviously very inadequate.

A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible, by Prof. Richard A. Moulton, (Heath, 374 pp., $1).

The title of this book is misleading. It is in no sense an *introduction* to the Biblical writings. It does not helpfully *introduce* them to the reader, giving facts respecting dates, structure, purpose, spirit, authorship, authenticity, reliability, a knowledge of which must precede a true literary appreciation or a rational religious use of these human documents. Instead, we find in this volume interesting comments upon many of the literary qualities and features of the Bible. One is disappointed at the aloofness of these pages from Biblical science, the unwillingness of the author to touch vital topics and answer pressing questions. The treatment of Deuteronomy (pp. 40-45) assumes that we have here the veritable speeches and songs of Moses—this is not even good literary criticism. The common reader is kept in the dark respecting its late origin which gives it the proper historical setting and explains the character of its teaching. A true literary interpretation must see in the work a product of the eighth century prophecy. No hint, however, is given of the important facts essential to an appreciation of it as literature. The same vagueness makes the treatment of Isaiah and Jonah entirely inadequate and unsatisfactory. It is needless to praise Prof. Moulton's literary ability. That is universally admitted; and the book contains much admirable material in the line of literary comments. The criticism here offered cannot be met by the excuse that the author only aims to bring out the literary quality of Scripture. The point urged is that more facts about these writings must be stated to make literary interpretation of the highest order possible. J. H. C.

Suggestion Instead of Medicine.*

Probably the ordinary reader will open this volume, as the reviewer did, with a skeptical attitude of mind. But the little book is evidently not that of a dreamer, a sensationalist, or a believer in miraculous cures. He believes as absolutely as the hardest-headed scientist in cause and effect working along the lines of natural law. If his statements are correct we have but begun to learn the laws regulating the action of the human brain. Mr. Barrows claims that suggestions, in his use of the term, are "psychical messages issued from the occipital consciousness of the sender." He claims that the frontal consciousness of A may freely address the frontal consciousness of other individuals through sensory channels of intercommunication; and the occipital consciousness of A may address the occipital consciousness of other individuals through more ethereal adits of intercommunication. Yet A's frontal consciousness may not affect the occipital faculties of another being by the exercise of will. The cure is effected with or without the conscious volition of the patient with equal ease. Physicians, the author says, are the persons best fitted to make intelligent use of suggestion, but the doctor who would cure in this way must withhold drugs. Also, the method is in no way allied to hypnotism. The descriptions of the cases he has had and the cures he has made will be interesting to all, even the incredulous. The theory of this book is a most inspiring one, as it would seem to prove that a large portion of man's brain capacity is still dormant; also, that the real healer in disease is a native factor within the patient. The physician must evoke the power in this "recuperative factor"—this *vis medicatrix*, just when and where it is needed. The book is worthy of an examination. B. S. G.

*Suggestion Instead of Medicine. By Charles M. Barrows. Boston: Press of George H. Ellis. Privately Printed for the author, 142 Massachusetts Avenue. pp. 88.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

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From the loving eye of the sun
To the willing heart of the flower;
The life of the twain is one.

Folded within my being,
A wonder to me is taught,
Too deep for curious seeing
Or fathom of sounding thought.

Of all sweet mysteries holiest!
Faded are rose and sun!
The Highest hides in the lowliest;
My Father and I are one.

—*Charles Gordon Ames.*

Foreign Notes.

MANUAL LABOR AND BRAIN WORK.—In an address before the Belleville University settlement the well known French economist, Prof. Charles Gide, has pointed out some of the fallacies in the current views upon the function and relative importance of these two kinds of labor. The address, which is characterized by Prof. Gide's usual keenness of insight and clearness of statement and of reasoning, appears in full in the bulletin of the *Union poue l'action Morale* (Paris), for March 15, and also serves as an introduction to Mr. James Bardoux's work on the University Settlement of Belleville, published by Alcan. We can only call attention to some points in this interesting address.

In the general chorus of glorification of manual labor at the present time three groups of voices may be readily distinguished; those of the upper and official classes—statesmen, politicians, scholars, who lose no opportunity to assure the masses that manual labor was never so honored and respected as today; those of the great literary apostles, beginning with George Sand and including as most distinguished representatives Huskin and Tolstoy, who find in manual labor great redemptive virtues for the individual and for society; and, lastly, the working classes, particularly those imbued with socialistic ideas, who see in manual labor the sole basis of production, the only source of wealth. In the utterances of the former there is not a little unconscious hypocrisy, in those of the second much illusion, while in the would-be scientific demonstrations of the Marxist socialists there is positive error.

Where in the so-called upper classes do you find a father urging his son to seek a career in the industrial domain, or bestowing his daughter in marriage on a laboring man? The fact is that the effort to escape from manual labor was never so universal as today. Even the working man if he cannot hope for anything different for himself bends every energy to lifting his children to something higher, and his daughter thinks it much more desirable to marry a clerk or government employe than a workman. Statistics show that it is the ranks of the tradespeople, bank and government employes, insurance men, and the liberal professions that are filling so rapidly as to become overcrowded. The total number in these callings has doubled in Paris in thirty years, while the population has carcely increased one-third. The number of candidates for such positions tells the story still more plainly; the less labor the more applicants in a proportion almost incalculable.

These facts give the most unequivocal denial to the statement that manual labor is held in honor. Nor is it true

that in olden times it was more despised. Doubtless where slavery existed it made certain kinds of labor disreputable, but manual labor was certainly not contemptible in the days of Homer and of Hesiod, nor in the Middle Ages when glass-makers carried a sword and called themselves gentlemen, when publishers were type-setters and printers were learned men, when the builders of the cathedrals were masons, and the masons were artists, when Klaus Lieb, the smith, had himself buried in the cathedral of Ulm for whose choir he had made the screen, and directed that his hammer and anvil be buried with him, as if to associate those instruments of his labor with the promises of the resurrection and the glories of paradise. Let us not deceive ourselves or try to befool others; manual labor is not more honored today than it was of old.

As for the manual labor advoted by the great literary apostles, their teaching is but a new version of the old monkish saying: *Qui laborat orat*, work is prayer. By no means! All work by the very fact of its being a regular activity, or discipline, and the fulfilment of a social duty, is a benefit to the conscientious worker, but there is no moral benefit, no magic virtue in manual labor as such. The most that can be said is that it is a salutary hygienic exercise. In the efforts at assistance by giving work it has never been found that chopping wood had a greater moral influence on a man than addressing envelopes.

And the manual labor to which such regenerative virtue is attributed is a fanciful sort of thing, having little or no connection with that toil to which industrial evolution devotes and, to all apearance, will in the future continue to devote, the great mass of mankind. It is a manual labor which excludes machinery and the division of labor and consequently all the conditions of a great industry, a kind of manual labor which economic evolution seems to have condemned. In fact manual and personal labor is becoming every day less and less manual, less and less personal. Is this absolutely an evil? Is it not rather a good thing from the moral and solidarist point of view? Into the discussion of that question Prof. Gide does not go, but the evident fact is enough to make him sceptical as to the possible rehabilitation of manual labor.

As for the working people, they are persuaded that they are the creators of all wealth, and this instinctive persuasion has become a profound conviction on the part of those imbued with Karl Marx's doctrine of value. But manual labor in itself is only muscular energy in contact with matter. It can no more create than any mechanical force. All it can accomplish is a certain displacement of a material object or of the molecules of matter. Pass in review all the operations you can think of, those of the weaver, mason, carpenter, clockmaker, printer or engraver and you will find nothing more. And the proof of this lies in the fact that no matter how complicated their operations at first seem they may all at last be accomplished by machinery, that is by an alternating or rotary movement. Manual labor becomes creative only as it ceases to be purely manual and becomes brain work. But brain work, whether as an element in every handicraft, or by itself, as in the work of the engineer, the designer, the architect, chemist or electrician, can no more create wealth and value than manual labor.

Wealth is produced by a class of men who are neither strictly brain-workers nor laboring men, and who bear the somewhat odious name of contractors or middlemen. Value is nothing more than the relation between certain wants and their object, but this relation has to be established, and that is done by the middleman. This function does not presuppose great genius, nor even extraordinary intelligence; simply a certain keenness of scent, that is all. The men who invent what these others apply die poor. This is because brain work, even that of genius can no more create value than can manual labor. Its achievement is far higher! It creates the idea, creates science, creates light; it reveals truth. In the moral and social order (Prof. Gide does not say in the economic) creation of wealth or value is a relatively inferior function; why then envy it?

Having thus pointed out what seems to him erroneous in modern estimates of manual labor, Prof. Gide asks: Is the human family then to remain forever divided into two classes, the one willy-nilly destined to manual labor, the other free from it? The one distinguished by its horny hands, the other by its white ones? He hopes not.

This bi-partition of human society may disappear in three ways: By a certain obligatory manual labor on the part of every one, a sort of civil conscription. This is the collectivist plan, but it will not make such labor attractive. By voluntary obedience to the decree "Thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow." This is the method of Ruskin and of Tolstoy, but if their followers became very numerous one may well consider whether the real toilers would not regard them with a jealous eye as unwelcome competitors. Finally, it is conceivable that manual labor and the liberal callings may one day become so nearly equivalent that men will find no more reason for choosing one than the other, and rich and poor will enter each indifferently.

The signs of this solution of the difficulty form one of the most original features of this very suggestive address. The horny hands just mentioned as characteristic of the laborer tend to disappear. While modern methods of production have more and more removed man from direct contact with the material of his work, and robbed it of its artistic and personal characteristics, there is this compensataion, that they are more and more enabling him to do it under clean conditions. Electricity enables one to work in full dress, so to speak.

But while manual labor is throwing off the stigmata, brain workers are acquiring more and more distinctive characteristics no less undesirable. The multiplication of books, the pressure of examinations, and competitions, the struggle for diplomas, and the ground to be covered in any field of intellectual effort, are leaving their marks on the brain-workers in the form of spectacles, round shoulders and bald heads, while at the same time the possibility of producing anything spontaneous and fresh grows less and less, and a day seems coming when the only talent will be that for rediscovering what has been forgotten. Labor organizations are rendering the position of the laboring man more and more independent, while men in government positions, and some others, find even their rights to strike denied or contested. As to the so-called independent professions, they grow more and more rare. Where now is the independent journalist? Here in America—though Prof. Gide does not mention that to his French audience—it is becoming a question how far a college or university professor may speak his mind. With the general diffusion of education the difference between the earning power of the manual laborer and the brain worker is diminishing. The college-bred man is not unknown in the cheap lodging house, and it is easier to find a place for the farm hand than for some minor official. So things are evening up and it is mainly custom and prejudice that maintain the dividing lines, which university settlements and university extension help to remove by promoting intercourse and acquaintance and facilitating the passage from one class to the other. M. E. H.

CHICAGO.—A useful word comes to us concerning the North Side People's Church, organized last April, by the Union of the Independent Liberal, and the Third Universal Societies, under the leadership of John H. Acton. The movement has had substantial growth, and now removes from 844 Burling street to the Criterion Theater, Division and Sedgwick streets. Mr. Lincoln J. Carter, the playwright and lessee of the Criterion, has become interested in the movement and has made a most liberal arrangement for regular services on Sunday at 11 o'clock. Indeed, the whole force about the theater, including the orchestra, endorse the new move, and will aid in carrying it out. The Criterion is splendidly situated, as all the North Side car lines run near the locality. The year's work of the People's Church closed with the end of March without indebtedness, and on Sunday, April 21, the society voted to open permanently at the Criterion at 11 a. m., Sunday, the 28th. The outlook is most promising. Dr. Acton has labored faithfully and long and deserves the encouragement here indicated. It is another attempt to get at the people in new but legitimate ways.

CHICAGO.—SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION: "The Sunday School and the Day School" is the topic announced for the next meeting of the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools, to be held on Tuesday, May 14th, at the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Sixty-fifth street and Stewart avenue. As usual, supper will be served to the visiting Sunday school workers at 6:15 and at 7:15 Arnold Tompkins, principal of the Chicago Normal School, will give an address on the above topic. This will be followed by a general discussion, the meeting being open to all interested in either Sunday or week day schools.

DIXON ILL. The Universalist Society at this place, started in 1871 is, after many vicissitudes and failures, being re-organized and re-established with every prospect of a successful and useful life. Rev. Joseph F. Newton served the society during a month's temporary pastorate in March when he was engaged for the year at a salary of $1,200.00. Mr. Newton, who is just twenty-five years of age, is a product of the sunny south and an emigrant from the Baptist denomination. The great truths of universal religion he preaches like a Theodore Parker with no uncertain sound, yet with all the "sweet reasonableness" of a Channing. "The Religion of Modern Prophets" — Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Tolstoi—is the subject of a series of Sunday evening sermons, remarkable in many ways, beautiful in every way, and deserving well the interest they are receiving from large congregations. We bespeak the highest success for this liberal society of Dixon, consecrating themselves anew to that high and holy creed: The Fatherhood of God, The Brotherhood of Man, and the final Triumph of Righteousness in the Universe. W. C.

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OUR PROGRAM.—1. *Forenoons*, 10 a. m. *First Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. A Search for the Classics in American Poetry, with side studies of recent anthologies, viz.: 1. Dialect. 2. Patriotic. 3. War. 4. Lincoln in Poetry. 5. Ballads and Lyrics. *Second Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. Normal Class Work for Sunday School Teachers and Parents, an introduction to the New Testament, a map and blackboard study of the literary units arranged in their probable chronological order. *Third Week.* Miss Anne Mitchell, Leader. A Musical and Literary Study of Wagner's "Niblungen Lied," illustrated with lantern and musical interpretations. *Fourth Week*, Mr. Jones, Leader. John Ruskin as a Sociological Prophet. *Fifth Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. The Master Bards: Browning's "Paracelsus," with side studies in Emerson and Whitman.

II. *Afternoons.* Free and easy work in science, keeping as close as possible to local zoology, botany and geology. Professor L. S. Cheney, of the University of Wisconsin, "Trees and Flowers," Aug. 11-18; Professor W. S. Marshall, of the U. of W., "Insect Life;" Professor O. G. Libby and Chester Jones, "Birds;" Professor E. C. Perish, "Local Geology."

III. *Evenings*, three nights in the week, lectures, generally with stereoptican illustrations. The following already arranged for: C. N. Brown, Esq., of Madison, "The Boers;" Miss Hunt, of the U. of W., "Life in South Africa;" Dr. Libby has four dozen new bird slides; Mrs. George H. Kemp, Dodgeville, Wis., "The Ragged Schools of London, From Personal Observation." Mr. Jones will lecture on Lincoln and Tolstoy (illustrated).

IV. *Sundays.* Three double meetings, forenoon and afternoon. Basket dinners on alternate Sundays. July 14, Inauguration Day of the Summer School, educational and collegiate. July 28, Teachers' Day: "The Intellectual Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School; "The Moral Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Cordelia Kirkland, of Chicago; Mrs. S. E. J. Sawyer, of Creston, Iowa, and others. August 11, The Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting and closing exercises of the Summer School, a Congress of Religion. Dr. E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago, is expected to give the closing sermon. On alternating Sundays Mr. Jones will give as Vesper Readings, Browning's "Saul," July 21, and Kipling's "McAndrew's Hymn," Aug. 4.

BUSINESS.—Registration: Fee, admitting the holder to all the classes and lectures during the five weeks, $5; family registration ticket, admitting all members of one family to the same, $7; evening lecture tickets to those not holding registration tickets, $1 for the season. As this is essential a SCHOOL and not a SUMMER ENCAMPMENT its constituency is necessarily limited. Its value largely depends on continuous attendance and sustained interest. It is hoped that all who intend to profit by these studies will come prepared to stay through to avoid the fever and hurry that too often accompany the vacation guest. No reductions on above rates are arranged for, though reasonable adjustments are always possible. For prices for board, cottage rents, etc., see below.

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Its equipment consists of a common dining hall, eight private cottages, two long-houses, with rooms to accommodate one or two, simply furnished; tents with board floors and furnishings; waterworks, pavilion, ice house, stables and garden. The cottages and long-house accommodations are limited. Applications should be made early. Tents can always be furnished on a few days' notice to accommodate visitors. Aside from the exercises of the Summer School noticed above there will be sunset vesper readings every Sunday evening throughout the summer not otherwise provided for; morning readings by Mr. Jones at Westhope Cottage from 11 to 12. A part of the time at these readings outside of the Summer School this year will be given to a search for the new poets—readings from Stephen Phillips, Moira O'Neill, Yeats, Ernest Rhys, Richard Hovey, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, etc., etc. Ruskin and Tolstoy will probably be the authors most often in hand this season.

The spirit indicated by the summer program is interpretative of the season. Only those who like a quiet summer, who seek an escape from society and its artificial demands, who know how to entertain themselves, who believe enough in plain living and high thinking to practically enjoy the regime, implied, had better come to Tower Hill. There are no "attractions" other than plenty of quiet and always beautiful out-of-doors, no attempts to entertain, no styles in dress, but much of the fellowship that is conducive to rest. Saturdays will be preserved sacredly to quiet, rest, bird walks, afternoon drives and sunset suppers under the tree. Informal dancing will always be in order, but there will be no "Dances" or "Social Functions." If possible, lights will be out and all in bed no later than 10 p. m.

PRICES.—Room in long-house, per week, $3, for the season of ten weeks, $20; tents, according to size, $—; board at the dining hall, $4 per week; buckboard fare between Spring Green and the encampment, 25 cents; trunks, 25 cents; board and care of horse and carriage, $10 per month. The Tower Hill buckboard is available to guests when not otherwise engaged for rides at the rate of 15 cents an hour for parties of five or more.

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AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK, which will be of much interest to all who are expecting to take advantage of the low rates to California this summer at the time of the Epworth League Convention, to be held in San Francisco in July, has just been issued by the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R'Y. Much valuable information is given relating to the state, variable routes, etc. The rate via this line will be only $50.00 for the round trip from Chicago, with corresponding rates from other points. Copy of this book may be had free upon application to W. B. KNISKERN, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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